

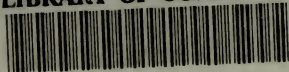
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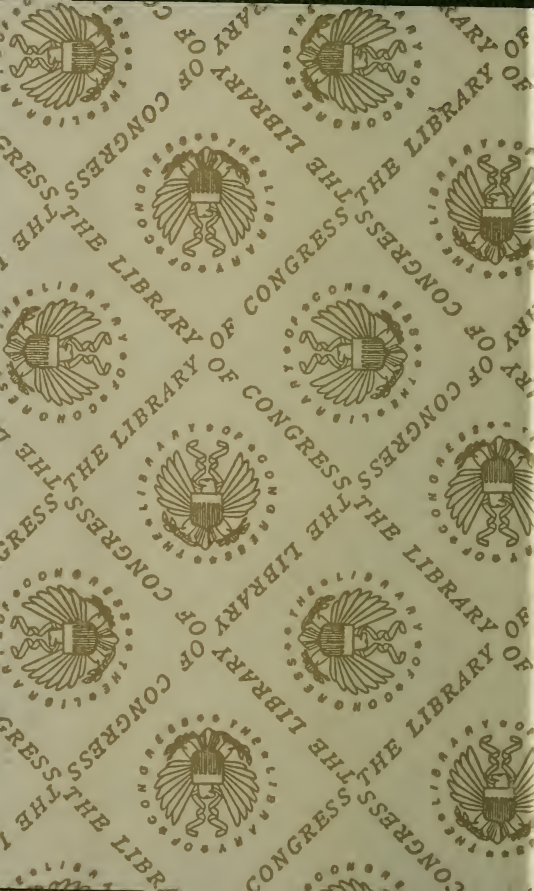
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THE
GOLDEN GIFT.

A
TOKEN

FOR ALL SEASONS,

EDITED

BY

J. M. Fletcher.

HARTFORD, CONN.

BROCKETT, FULLER & CO.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

H. W. HUTCHINSON & CO.





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A

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EDITED BY

J. M. FLETCHER.

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1848.

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## P R E F A C E .

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IN this little volume the compiler has endeavored to unite a collection, which, by combining poetic talent and high moral sentiment with the social and intellectual, should form an elegant and appropriate present for all seasons and occasions. Many of the selections are among the brightest gems which adorn the English language, and will live as long as the spirit of poetry and a love of the beautiful find a dwelling-place in the human heart. It is submitted to the public with the hope that upon examination it will be found to be, what the compiler has labored to make it, an acceptable gift.

J. M. F.



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THE  
GOLDEN GIFT.

---

My Native Land,—My Native Place.

My thoughts are in my native land,  
My heart is in my native place,  
Where willows bend to breezes bland,  
And kiss the river's rippling face ;

Where sunny shrubs disperse their scent,  
And raise their blossoms high to heaven,  
As if in calm acknowledgment  
For brilliant hues and virtues given.

My thoughts are with my youthful days,  
Where sin and grief were but a name ;  
When every field had golden ways,  
And pleasure with the daylight came.

I bent the rushes to my feet,  
And sought the water's silent flow,  
I moved along the thin ice fleet,  
Nor thought upon the death below.

I culled the violet in the dell,  
Whose wild-rose gave a chequered shade,  
And listened to each village bell,  
So sweet by answering echo made

In God's own house, on God's own day,  
In neat attire, I bent the knee;  
Pure sense of duty made me pray, —  
Joy made me join the melody.

Thus memory, from her treasured urn,  
Shakes o'er the mind her spring-like rain;  
Thus scenes turn up and palely burn,  
Like night-lights in the ocean's train.

And still my soul shall these command,  
While sorrow writes upon my face;  
My thoughts are on my native land,  
My heart is in my native place.

ANON.

### Remember Me.

Remember me when not a cloud of sorrow  
Its shadow flings across my sunny way ;  
When all is bright, and Hope bespeaks the morrow  
As undisturbed and happy as to-day ;

When throbs my heart with pleasure, and its fountain  
Is sending forth a stream of joy and love ;  
And clothes in beauty, every vale and mountain,  
And all the glowing canopy above.

But when a tear is starting, and a sadness  
Is gathering o'er me, and my spirit's light  
Is being veiled, and all its cheering gladness  
Enshrouded in gloom like that of night ;

And scenes that once were beautiful, are dreary,  
Fond hopes ere I can realize them, flee ;  
And when my soul has struggled till 't is weary ; —  
With kindly heart, oh then, remember me !

W. A. SLEEPER.

## Home of my Youth.

How well I remember  
My boyhood's sweet home !  
How oft in my sadness  
Its memories come !  
For there with the beings  
On earth I loved best,  
I lived but too happy,  
Too happy to last.

I remember the cot,  
So peaceful and still,  
So sweetly it stood, on  
The green sloping hill :  
The hill where I oft, 'neath  
The spreading oak's shade,  
From morning till sunset,  
Have gamboled and played.

The silvery brook, that  
Went wandering through  
The mossy green mead, where  
The strawberries grew,  
The garden, the orchard,  
The grove, and the lane,  
Are all, all still fresh,  
In memory's chain.

I would not forget them,  
They 're dear to my heart,  
And often my fancy  
Will still take a part ;  
Still play on the hill-side,  
Still roam in the grove ;  
A father and mother,  
Sister and brother,  
That cherish and love. J. M. F.

### Departed Friends.

The beautiful, — the beautiful  
Are faded from our track,  
We miss them, and we mourn them,  
But cannot lure them back ;  
For an iron sleep hath bound them  
In its passionless embrace ;  
We may weep, but cannot win them  
From their dreary resting place.

W. H. BURLEIGH.

Album.

My name is Album, pretty name,  
As ladies oft do say ;  
I tell of beauty, love, and fame,  
And all that 's bright and gay.

Come, give to me, that I may give  
Unto my lady fair,  
Bright visions which in thought do live,  
Fresh from the poet's lair.

Cull me the sweetest of the sweet,  
The purest of the pure,  
That all that 's brightest, best, may meet  
In Album's fold secure.

HAYNES.



## If I could Love.

If I could love, I'd find me out  
A roguish, laughing eye,  
A cheek to blush, a lip to pout,  
A pure kind heart, to sigh.

A fairy hand, to touch and glance,  
From note to note with glee,  
A fairy foot to trip the dance  
And lead it down with me.

A soul to share in all my fun,  
And feel for all my woes,  
And as our little life should run  
To take it as it goes.

And O, when follies all have fled  
And solemn thoughts shall rise,  
To soothe me on my dying bed  
And meet me in the skies

Such thoughts are vain, too vain, yet why  
Should you such thoughts reprove ;  
O pity, pity me, for I  
Am poor, and cannot love.

BRAINAED.

### The pity of the Park Fountain.

'T was a summery day in the last of May, —  
Pleasant in sun or shade ;  
And the hours went by as the poets say,  
Fragrant and fair on their flowery way ;  
And a hearse crept slowly through Broadway,  
And the Fountain gaily played.

The Fountain played right merrily,  
And the world look'd bright and gay ;  
And a youth went by, with a restless eye,  
Whose heart was sick and whose brain was dry ;  
And he prayed to God that he might die, —  
And the Fountain played away.

Up rose the spray like a diamond throne,  
And the drops like music rang, —  
And of those who marvelled how it shone,  
Was a proud man, left, in his shame, alone ;  
And he shut his teeth with a smothered groan, —  
And the Fountain sweetly sang.

And a rainbow spanned it changefully,  
Like a bright ring broke in twain ;  
And the pale, fair girl who stopped to see,  
Was sick with pangs of poverty, —  
And from hunger to guilt she chose to flee  
As the rainbow smiled again.

And all was gay, on another day,  
The morning will have shone ;  
And at noon, unmask'd, through bright Broadway  
A hearse will take its silent way ;  
And the bard who sings will have passed away, —  
And the Fountain will play on !

N. P. WILLIS.



### Our Yankee Girls.

Let greener lands and bluer skies,  
If such a wide earth shows, —  
With fairer cheeks and brighter eyes,  
Match us the star and rose ;  
The winds that lift the Georgian's veil,  
Or wave Circassia's curls,  
Waft to their shores the Sultan's sail, —  
Who buys our Yankee girls ?

The gay grisette, whose fingers touch  
Love's thousand chords so well ;  
The dark Italian loving much,  
But more than one can tell ;  
And England's fair-haired blue-eyed dame  
Who binds her brow with pearls, —  
Ye, who have seen them, can they shame  
Our own sweet Yankee girls ?

And what if court or castle vaunt  
Its children loftier born, —  
Who heeds the silken tassel's flaunt  
Beside the golden corn ?  
They ask not for the courtly toil  
Of jewelled knights and earls,  
The daughters of the virgin soil,  
Our free-born Yankee girls.

By every hill, whose stately pines  
Wave their dark arms above,  
The home where some fair being shines  
To warm the wilds with love ;  
From barest rock to bleakest shore,  
Where furthest sail unfurls,  
That stars and stripes are floating o'er, —  
God bless our Yankee girls !

O. W. HOLMES.

### To a Friend.

'T is o'er ! but never from my heart  
Shall time thine image blot ;  
The dreams of other days depart, —  
Thou shalt not be forgot.  
And never in the suppliant's sigh  
Poured forth to him who swayed the sky,  
Shall mine own name be breathed on high,  
And thine remembered not.

ANON.

## Acrostic. Lines to a Sister.

Long have thy sweet smiles, beloved sister,  
Answering mine so oft, bespoke thy love !  
Unchanging as the ceaseless course of time ;  
Remaining true, in illness and in health,  
A fountain, rich, of fond, undying love.

May thy anxious desires for my good,  
And acts of kindness, prompted by thy love,  
Receive a just reward in heaven. 'T is now  
I see, and value them ; now thou 'rt absent,  
And I am left with none who love like thee.

Fond sister ! in the quiet midnight hour,  
Lonely and silent, I think of thee. Thou  
Enterest my thoughts, like some pure spirit,  
'Till my heart is full to overflowing.  
Comes fortune to us, sister, good or ill,  
Hours of sorrow, or of happiness ;  
Ever the same may we still live through life,  
Remaining true to love, and to each other.

J. M. F.

---

A Mother at the Grave of her Child.

Yon spot in the churchyard,  
How sad is the bloom  
That summer flings round it  
In flowers and perfume !  
It is thy dust, my darling,  
Gives life to each rose,  
'T is because *thou* hast withered,  
The violet blows.

The lilies bend meekly  
Thy bosom above,  
But thou wilt not pluck them,  
Sweet child of my love ;  
I see the green willow  
Droop low o'er thy bed,  
But I see not the ringlets  
That decked thy fair head.

I hear the bee humming  
Around thy bright grave :  
Can he deem death is hidden  
Where lovely flowers wave ?  
From the white cloud above thee  
The lark scatters song,  
But I listen for thy voice,  
How long ! Oh, how long !

How long, and how vainly,  
The night and the morn,  
But leave, as they find me,  
A mourner forlorn ;  
Light comes to the summer,  
And rain to the tree,  
But never, oh, never,  
Comes comfort to me.

I walk now in darkness,  
With thee went the day,  
And pleasure died with thee,  
And love paled its ray ;  
I see but the shadow  
Of things as they were,  
And the world hath no dwellers  
But Grief, Death and Care.

O come back, my darling,  
And come back to-day !  
For the soul of thy mother  
Grows faint with delay ;  
The home of thy childhood  
In order is set,  
The couch and the chamber, —  
Why com'st thou not yet ?

“ Oh mother, sweet mother !

Whose love, like the wave,  
Hid treasures and jewels,  
And also a grave.

Too strong in its fullness,  
Too deep in its power,  
Oh, hush, precious mother,  
The grief of this hour !

“ I walk 'mid the palm trees,

And drink of the rills,  
That on earth are but types of  
What God here fulfils ;  
The joys of my childhood,  
How dim they appear !

Yes, dim are the brightest,  
When looked on from here !

“ Then stay not, then mourn not,

Then yield not to fears ;  
The flowers love has planted,  
O steep not in tears ;  
There 's beauty, there 's blessing,  
On earth left for thee,  
But bid me not share them,  
There 's more here with me.”

M. J. FLETCHER.

### The Nosegay.

I 'll pull a bunch of buds and flowers,  
And tie a ribbon round them,  
If you 'll but think, in your lonely hours,  
Of the sweet little girl that bound them.

I 'll cull the earliest that put forth,  
And those that last the longest ;  
And the bud that boasts the fairest birth,  
Shall cling to the stem that 's strongest.

I 've run about the garden walks,  
And searched among the dew, sir ;  
These fragrant flowers, these tender stalks,  
I 've plucked them all for you, sir.

So here 's your bunch of buds and flowers,  
And here 's the ribbon round them ;  
And here, to cheer your saddened hours,  
Is the sweet little girl that bound them.

BRAINARD.

## Cheerfulness.

Oh ! why delight to wrap the soul  
In pall of fancied sadness !  
'T were best be merry while we live,  
And paint our cheeks with gladness ;  
What if hope tells a " flattering tale,"  
And mocks us by deceiving,  
'T is better far to be content, —  
There 's nothing made by grieving.

The girls, heaven bless their precious souls !  
Are thick as bees about us ;  
And every mother's son well knows, —  
They could not do without us ;  
They 're dangerous, though, to meddle with,  
For they, too, are deceiving ;  
They 'll win and laugh, then flirt you, — yet  
There 's nothing made by grieving.

LAWRENCE LABREE.



## To an absent Friend.

Thou art not gone ; thou couldst not go ;  
True friends can never part ;  
Our prayer is one, our hope is one,  
And we are one in heart !  
Nor place, nor time, can e'er divide  
The souls which friendship seals ;  
But still the changing scenes of life,  
Their mutual love reveals.

Body from body may be placed  
Remote as pole from pole ;  
But can our fleshly frailties bind  
The fellowship of soul ?  
'T is when removed from grosser sense  
My spirit claims her right ;  
My friend is often *least* away  
When *absent* from my *sight*.

His form and look, in memory's glass,  
I still distinctly see ;  
His voice and words, in fancy's ear,  
Are whispering still to me.  
The stars which meet his pensive eye  
Are present still to mine ;  
The moonlights, which surround his path,  
Around my footsteps shine.

Beneath the same fair dome we dwell,  
By the same hand are fed,  
And, pilgrims in one narrow way,  
Are by one spirit led !  
To the great presence of our God,  
By hourly faith we come ;  
And find in sweet communion there,  
One everlasting home !

Our hope, our joy, our life, our soul,  
In our *one* Saviour meet ;  
And what in earth or heaven shall break  
A union so complete ?  
O ! blest are they who seek in Him  
A union to their friend ;  
Their love shall grow through life's decay,  
And live when life shall end.

And blest be He whose love bestows  
A friendship so divine,  
And makes, by oneness with Himself,  
My friend for *ever* mine !

AMULET.



## A Psalm of Life.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO  
THE PSALMIST

Tell me not in mournful numbers,  
    "Life is but an empty dream!"  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
    And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!  
    And the grave is not its goal;  
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"  
    Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
    Is our destined end or way;  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
    Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,  
    And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
    Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of life,  
Be not like dumb, driven cattle !  
Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant !  
Let the dead Past bury its dead ;  
Act, — act in the living Present,  
Heart within, and God o'erhead.

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footsteps on the sands of time ;

Footprints, that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate ;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.

LONGFELLOW.

### Disappointment.

Playful she turned that he might see  
The passing smile her cheek put on ;  
But when she marked how mournfully  
His eyes met hers, that smile was gone ;  
And, bursting into heartfelt tears,  
“ Yes, yes,” she cried, “ my hourly fears,  
My dreams have boded all too right, —  
We part, — for ever part, — to-night !  
I knew, I knew it could not last, —  
'T was bright, 't was heavenly, but 't is past !  
Oh ! ever thus, from childhood's hour,  
I 've seen my fondest hopes decay ;  
I never loved a tree or flower,  
But 't was the first to fade away.  
I never nursed a dear gazelle,  
To glad me with its soft black eye,  
But when it came to know me well,  
And love me, it was sure to die.”

T. MOORE.



### The Rainbow.

The evening was glorious and light through the  
trees

Play'd the sunshine, the raindrops, the birds and  
the breeze ;

The landscape, outstretching, in loveliness lay  
On the lap of the year in the beauty of May.

For the queen of the spring, as she passed down  
the vale,

Left her robe on the trees, and her breath on the  
gale :

And the smile of her promise gave joy to the hours,  
While rank in her footsteps sprang herbage and  
flowers.

The skies, like a banner, in sunset unrolled,  
O'er the west threw their splendors of azure and  
gold ;

But one cloud at a distance, rose dense, and in-  
creased

Till its margin of black touched the zenith and east.  
We gazed on the scenes, while around us they  
glowed,

When a vision of beauty appeared on the cloud ;  
'T was not like the sun, as at mid-day we view,  
Nor the moon, that rolls nightly through starlight  
and blue.

Like a spirit it came in the van of the storm,  
And the eye and the heart hailed its beautiful form ;  
For it looked not severe like an angel of wrath,  
And its garment of brightness illum'd its dark path.  
In the hues of its grandeur sublimely it stood  
O'er the river, the village, the fields and the wood ;  
And river, fields, village and woodland grew bright,  
As conscious they felt and afforded delight.  
'T was the *Bow of Omnipotence* bent in His hand,  
Whose grasp at Creation the universe spanned ;  
'T was the presence of God in a symbol sublime,  
His vow from the flood to the exit of time.  
Not dreadful, as when in the whirlwind he pleads,  
When storms are his chariot, and lightning his  
steeds ;  
The black clouds his banners of vengeance unfurled,  
And thunder his voice to a guilt-stricken world ;  
In the breath of his presence, when thousands expire,  
And seas boil with fury, and rocks burn with fire,  
When the sword and the plague-spot with death  
strew the plain,  
And vultures and wolves are the graves of the slain.  
Not *such* was the Rainbow, that beautiful one !  
Whose arch was refraction, — its keystone the sun ;  
A pavilion it seemed, which the Deity graced,  
And justice and mercy met there and embraced.  
Awhile, — and it sweetly bent over the gloom,  
Like love o'er a death-couch, or hope o'er the tomb ;

Then left the dark scene, whence it slowly retired,  
As love had just vanished, or hope had expired.  
I gazed not alone on the source of my song,  
To all who beheld it these verses belong ;  
Its presence to all was the path of the Lord ;  
Each full heart expanded, grew warm, and adored.  
Like a visit, the converse of friends, and a day,  
That bow from my sight passed forever away ;  
Like that visit, that converse, that day, on my  
heart,  
That bow from remembrance can never depart.  
'T is a picture in memory distinctly defined  
With the strong and unperishing colors of mind ;  
A part of my being beyond my control,  
Beheld on that cloud, and transcribed on my soul.

J. HOLLAND.



### Wealth not Happiness.

I have tasted each varied pleasure,  
And drank of the cup of delight ;  
I have danced to the gayest measure,  
In the halls of dazzling light.

I have dwelt in a blaze of splendor,  
And stood in the court of kings ;  
I have snatched at each toy, that would render  
More rapid the flight of time's wings.

But vainly I 've sought for joy or peace  
In the life of light and shade ;  
And I turn with a sigh to my own dear home,  
That home where my childhood played.

When jewels are sparkling round me,  
And dazzling with their rays,  
I weep for ties that bound me  
In life's first early days.

I sigh for one of the sunny hours,  
Ere day was turned to night ;  
For one of my nosegays of fresh wild flowers,  
Instead of those jewels bright.

MRS. NORTON.

To Harriet B——, two years of age.

Sweet little girl ! thy 'witching smile  
That beams so pure and bright ;  
Thy merry playfulness, betokes  
Thy innocent delight

*Such* loveliness ! I know not which  
Our hearts would soonest win,  
The pearls within thy little mouth,  
Or dimples in thy chin.

Thy little hands, so pure and white,  
So cunningly the test ;  
So young, and yet thou knowest well,  
The ones that love thee best.

May future years still give to thee  
A clear unclouded brow ;  
And innocence and loveliness,  
Be with thee, then as now.

J. M. F.

## Sunset.

The sun sinks broadly in the west ;  
And fainter as his radiance glows,  
Scarce heeded falls o'er nature's breast  
The languor of a soft repose.  
Each breeze is hushed, — each leaf is still, —  
The wild bird pours his song no more ;  
And gliding round yon graceful hill,  
The meek stream laves the silent shore.

Oh, vain as fair, thou fleeting light !  
Who now may in thy charms confide ?  
So shine earth's pageants, false and bright,  
And pass like sails on ocean's tide.  
In swift succession onward go  
To live and fail, — day after day ;  
Thus human joys deceitful glow,  
And fade like waning light away.

I 've wandered oft amid these bowers,  
And heard sweet notes from every bough ;  
And quaffed their fragrance from the flowers,  
Where all is sad and silent now.  
But those in ruddy morning's smile  
Shall live and bloom as bright again ;  
I, constant in my grief the while,  
I, gloom unchanged alone remain. E. F. ELLET.

## Hearts we Love.

They talk of homes amid the wild,  
And fancy decks them forth  
With every charm that ever smiled  
To beautify the earth ;  
Yet sure I am the purest flame  
E'er human heart did move,  
Is that sweet light that burneth bright  
In happy hearts we love.

The sailor sails upon the sea ;  
His heart, his home is there ;  
The spirit's veriest witchery  
Comes in that spot and air ;  
He proud will roam and dare the foam,  
And all its wonders prove,  
Yet sure we are no rest is there  
Like that in hearts we love.

And one will find his home in fame,  
Another in his gain,  
And some despise a glorious name  
And riot in the mean ;  
With different mind they each will find  
A joy, a thing to move ;  
And such it is, but not the bliss  
That lives in hearts we love.

And some have thought the martyr's crown,  
So full of glories bright,  
Had joys, from its fire circlet won,  
To thrill with wild delight ;  
Such will receive, — such crown will give  
A joy like that above,  
Yet nothing sure than bliss more pure  
That burns in hearts we love.

Others have thought the poet's fire  
Unearthly pleasure has,  
And light there is around his lyre  
That doth in heaven blaze ;  
He strikes the string, his numbers ring,  
Rapt is his soul above ;  
And yet his bliss is not like this  
Found in the hearts we love.

When morning comes we go abroad  
Upon the vernal earth,  
And feel the very breath of God  
Is in its shouting mirth ;  
The heart 's not still, with wildest thrill  
Its living pulses move,  
Yet comes there not with all this thought  
The bliss of hearts we love.

The warrior dares the angry path  
Where death-doomed surges swell ;  
The madness of its awful wrath  
He seeks, — it pleases well ;  
Yet go to him when stars burn dim  
O'er those life late did move ;  
Ask if his pleasure has that large measure  
Poured from the hearts we love.

Then give me one in which my own  
Shall ever centred be,  
And I will spurn the monarch's throne, —  
The richer man than he ;  
There 's not o'er all this earthly ball  
One joy like this to move, —  
A happy heart that dwells apart,  
And lives in our own love.

W. T. BACON.



### Memories of Youth.

As the lengthened train of years shall roll,  
And forever pass away,  
The glad thoughts of youth shall hold my soul  
In their everlasting sway.

Though my eyes should lose their sense of sight,  
And my limbs should lose their power,  
Yet I 'd think of airy visions bright,  
Which were dreamed in youth's glad hour.

Should the years of manhood o'er me fling  
A dark veil of toil and care,  
Yet around my youth my thoughts would cling,  
And most fondly cluster there.

When away from this, my native soil,  
I shall roam in distant lands,  
Then around my soul youth's ties shall coil, —  
Those most pure and sacred bands.

When the forms of grim disease and pain  
Shall distract my weakened powers,  
My exhausted spirit then will fain  
Once recur to youthful hours.

J. R. DODGE.

### Congenial Spirits.

Oh! in all the varied scenes of life,  
Is there a joy so sweet,  
As when, amid its busy strife,  
Congenial spirits meet?

Feelings and thoughts, — a fairy band, —  
Long hid from mortal sight,  
Then start to meet the master hand  
That calls them forth to light.

When turning o'er some gifted page,  
How fondly do we pause,  
That dear companion to engage  
In answering applause.

And when we list to music's sigh,  
How sweet at every tone,  
To read within another's eyes  
The raptures of our own!

To share together waking dreams,  
Apart from sordid men,  
Or speak on high and lofty themes,  
Beyond the worldling's ken.

These are most dear, but soon shall pass  
That summons of the heart ;  
Congenial spirits, soon, alas !  
Are ever doomed to part.

Yet those to whom such grief is given,  
Mourn not thy lot of woe ;  
Say, can a wandering light from heaven  
E'er sparkle long below ?

Earth would be all too bright, — too blest,  
With such pure ties of love ;  
Let kindred spirits hope to rest  
Save in a rest above.

*Nashua Oasis.*



### The World as it is.

The world is not so bad a world  
As some would like to make it ;  
Though whether good, or whether bad,  
Depends on how we take it.  
For if we scold and fret all day,  
From dewy morn till even,  
This world will ne'er afford to man  
A foretaste here of heaven.

This world in truth 's as good a world  
As e'er was known to any  
Who have not seen another yet,  
And these are very many ;  
And if the men, and women, too,  
Have plenty of employment,  
Those surely must be hard to please  
Who cannot find enjoyment.

This world is quite a clever world,  
In rain or pleasant weather,  
If people would but learn to live  
In harmony together ;  
Nor seek to burst the kindly bond  
By love and peace cemented,  
And learn the best of lessons yet,  
To always be contented.

Then were the world a pleasant world,  
And pleasant folks were in it,  
The day would pass most pleasantly  
To those who thus begin it ;  
And all the nameless grievances  
Brought on by borrowed troubles,  
Would prove, as certainly they are,  
A mass of empty bubbles.

ANON.

### The Will.

The star of the unconquered will,  
It rises in my breast,  
Serene and resolute, and still,  
And calm, and self-possessed.

I fear not in a world like this,  
And thou shalt know ere long,  
Know how sublime a thing it is  
To suffer and be strong.

LONGFELLOW.

### My Mountain Home.

I love my own dear mountain home,  
And o'er its hills I love to roam  
    To view each varied scene ;  
The gurgling rill and waters bright  
As forth they pour from mountain height,  
    And woods all glad with green.

And I a walk delight to take  
At times beside the limpid lake  
    To view the birds around ;  
To hear them chant their joyful lay  
Upon some lone deserted spray  
    Just by the margin found.

And when the sun sinks in the west,  
And weary nature seems to rest,  
    It gladdens me to hear  
The nightingale's loud, thrilling songs,  
While she her music oft prolongs,  
    Until the stars appear.

And then as sinks the morning star,  
To hear the cuckoo from afar  
    Commence her gladsome lay ;

And with the lark, in notes of glee,  
With spirit pure and ever free  
To usher in the day.

Ah, yes! I love my mountain home,  
And o'er its hills I love to roam  
To seek the flow'rets fair ;  
The daisy and the evergreen  
Beside the primrose oft are seen  
To yield their fragrance there.

ANON.

### True Friendship.

There are some spirits fitly strung,  
To echo back the tones of mine ;  
And those few, cherished souls among,  
I dare, dear friend, to number thine.

Angels attend thee ; may their wings  
Fan every shadow from thy brow ;  
For only bright and loving things  
Should wait on one so good as thou.

And when my prayers are pure and strong,  
As they in my best hours can be,  
Amid my loved and cherished throng,  
I then will count, and pray for thee.

G. G.

## Forget me Not.

There is a flower, a lovely flower,  
Tinged deep with Faith's unchanging hue,  
Pure as the ether in its hour  
Of loveliest and serenest blue.  
The streamlet's gentle side it seeks,  
The silent fount, the shaded grot,  
And sweetly to the heart it speaks,  
Forget me not, forget me not !

Mild as the azure of thine eyes,  
Soft as the halo-beam above,  
In tender whispers still it sighs,  
Forget me not, my life, my love !  
There where thy lost steps turned away,  
Wet eyes shall watch the sacred spot,  
And this sweet flower be heard to say,  
Forget ! ah, no ! forget me not.

Yet deep its azure leaves within,  
Is seen the blighting hue of care !  
And what that secret grief hath been,  
The drooping stem may well declare.  
The dew-drops on its leaves are tears,  
That ask " Am I so soon forgot ? "  
Repeating still amidst their fears,  
My life, my love ! forget me not !

*From the German, by F. HALLECK.*

### The Merry Heart.

I would not from the wise require  
The lumber of their learned lore ;  
Nor would I from the rich desire  
A single counter of their store.  
For I have ease, and I have health,  
And I have spirits, light as air ;  
And more than wisdom, more than wealth, —  
A merry heart that laughs at care.

Like other mortals of my kind,  
I 've struggled for dame Fortune's favor ;  
And sometimes have been half inclined  
To rate her for her ill behavior.  
But life was short, — I thought it folly  
To lose its moments in despair ;  
So slipp'd aside from melancholy,  
With merry heart, that laughed at care.

And once, 't is true, two 'witching eyes  
Surprised me in a luckless season ;  
Turn'd all my mirth to lonely sighs,  
And quite subdued my better reason.  
Yet 't was but love could make me grieve,  
And love, you know 's a reason fair ;  
And much improved, as I believe,  
The merry heart that laughed at care.

So, now, from idle wishes clear,  
I make the good I may not find :  
Adown the stream I gently steer,  
And shift my sail with every wind.  
And half by nature, half by reason,  
Can still with pliant heart prepare  
The mind, attuned to every season,  
The merry heart, that laughs at care.

Yet, wrap me in your sweetest dream,  
Ye social feelings of the mind ;  
Give, sometimes give, your sunny gleam,  
And let the rest good humor find.  
Yes, — let me hail and welcome give  
To every joy my lot may share ;  
And pleased and pleasing, let me live  
With merry heart, that laughs at care.

MILMAN.



**Madrigal.**

WHEN Love and Truth together played,  
So cheerful was the shepherd's song !  
How happy, too, the rural maid !  
How light the minutes winged along !  
But love has left the sighing vale,  
And Truth no longer tells her tale.

Sly, stealing, see, from scene to scene,  
The watchful Jealousy appear ;  
And pale Distrust with troubled mien,  
The rolling eye, and listening ear !  
For Love has left the sighing vale,  
And Truth no longer tells her tale.

Ah ! shall we see no more the hour  
That wafted rapture on its wing !  
With murmurs shall the riv'let pour,  
That prattled from its crystal spring ?  
Yes, yes, while Love forsakes the vale,  
And Truth no longer tells her tale.

WOLCOT.

### To a Canary Bird.

EACH morn as the bright sun peeps over the trees,  
Thy sweet song is heard as it floats on the breeze ;  
And long as he tarries to brighten the day,  
So long may be heard thy melodious lay.

If darkness or gloom in my spirit should dwell,  
Thy lay in its sweetness would sever the spell ;  
O ! who could be sad, when thy silvery note  
Is flung to the zephyrs that over us float.

Then sing, sweet canary ! not only for me,  
I know of another that listens to thee ;  
Another, whose voice is so much like thine own, —  
Little fellow, I know where you learned that tone.

Then sing, pretty bird, carol forth thy sweet lay !  
Let it float through the air, and gladden the day ;  
And oft as I hear it, in innocent glee,  
I'll think of another that listens to thee.

J. M. F.



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Lines written in a Young Lady's Album.

I 'd offer thee this heart of mine,  
If I could love thee less ;  
But hearts as warm, as soft as thine  
Should never know distress.  
My fortune is too hard for thee,  
'T would chill thy dearest joy ;  
I 'd rather weep to see thee free,  
Than win thee to destroy.

I leave thee in thy happiness,  
As one too dear to love !  
As one I 'll think of but to bless,  
Whilst wretchedly I rove.  
But O ! when sorrow's cup I drink,  
All bitter though it be,  
How sweet to me 't will be to think  
It holds no drop for thee.

Then fare thee well ; an exile now,  
Without a friend or home,  
With anguish written on my brow,  
About the world I 'll roam.  
For all my dreams are sadly o'er,  
Fate bade them all depart, —  
And I will leave my native shore,  
In brokenness of heart.

ANONYMOUS.

## The Tulip and the Eglantine.

THE Tulip called to the Eglantine,  
"Good neighbor, I hope you see  
How the throngs that visit the gardens come  
And pay their respects to me.  
The florist bows to my elegant form,  
And praises my rainbow ray,  
Till I 'm half afraid thro' his raptured eyes  
He 'll be gazing his soul away."

"It may be so," said the Eglantine,  
"In a shadier nook I dwell,  
And what is passing among the great  
I cannot know so well ;  
But they speak of me as the FLOWER OF LOVE ;  
And that low-whispered name  
Is dearer to me and my infant buds,  
Than the loudest breath of fame."

MRS. SIGOURNEY



**Mid-summer.**

'T is the summer time, when the noiseless air  
In perfumed chalice lies,  
And the bee goes by with a lazy hum,  
Beneath the sleeping skies.  
When the brook is low and the ripples bright,  
As down the stream they go,  
The pebbles are dry on the upper side,  
And dark and wet below.

The tree that stood when the soil's athirst,  
And the mulleins first appear,  
Hath a' dry and rusty-colored bark,  
And its leaves are curled and sere ;  
But the dogwood and the hazel bush  
Have clustered round the brook, —  
Their roots have stricken deep beneath,  
And they have a verdant look.

To the juicy leaf the grasshopper clings,  
And he gnaws it like a file,  
The naked stalks are withering by  
Where he has been erewhile.  
The cricket hops on the glistening rock,  
Or pipes in the faded grass,  
The beetle's wings are folded mute,  
When the steps of the idler pass.

E. O. SMITH.

**By-past Hours.**

Go ! dream of by-past hours ;  
In retrospect, once more  
Pluck fancy's gayest flowers,  
And revel in thy store.  
Go, seek thy native cot,  
Scene of affection free,  
Where pleasure cheered thy lot,  
Where love was all to thee.

Do this, but never tell  
The heartless world thy dream ;  
Its scorn would hope dispel,  
Would crush the fairy theme :  
Do this, but in thy breast  
Let each fond wish expire ;  
For sorrows unrepressed  
Are his who loves the lyre.

TAPPAN.



### The Lost Flower.

I SAW the shining flower  
Turn to the sun-god's kiss,  
With the graceful resignation  
Of beauty bathed in bliss.  
She followed him from morning,  
O'er the woods and gilded streams,  
Till he sank from sight at evening,  
In the hour of mystic dreams.

In the night the frost-king wooed her,  
And though cold was his caress,  
She was dazzled by the splendor  
Of his regal form and dress.  
In his diadem was many a gem,  
And his robe of brilliant dye  
Flashed thro' the night, as thro' the storm  
The rainbow gleams on high

Well sped he in his wooing, —  
The virgin flower was lost,  
And her ruin lent new glory  
To the demon-king of frost.  
Woe to the simple flower !

When next the sun-god came,  
She shrank before his ardent gaze,  
And perished in her shame.

F. A. DURIVAGE.

## The Anemone. To —.

I KNOW a gentle flower that blows  
When winter's chilling winds have fled ;  
And loth its beauty to disclose,  
It often hides its modest head.

The careless eye may not perceive  
This lowly flower, so sweet and fair ;  
For me, howe'er, in wood or field,  
None sweeter scents the morning air.

I meet it on my favorite walk,  
And stop to view its simple charms,  
As, bending on its slender stalk,  
It trusts to nature's fostering arms.

This gentle flower, whose modest grace  
So oft has been a boon to me,  
Though missed among more showy plants,  
I often have compared to *thee*.

ANONYMOUS.

## Flowers.

EACH leaflet is a tiny scroll,  
Inscribed with holy truth,  
A lesson that around the heart  
Should keep the dew of youth ;  
Bright missiles from angelic throngs,  
In every by-way left,  
How were the earth of glory shorn  
Were it of flowers bereft !

They tremble on the alpine heights,  
The fissured rock they press,  
The desert wild, with heat and sand,  
Shares too their blessedness ;  
And wheresoe'er the weary heart  
Turns in its dim despair,  
The meek-eyed blossom upward looks,  
Inviting it to prayer.

E. O. SMITH.



### Mutability.

THE flower that smiles to-day  
To-morrow dies ;  
All that we wish to stay,  
Tempt, and then flies :  
What is this world's delight ?  
Lightning that mocks the night,  
Brief even as bright.

Virtue, how frail it is !  
Friendship too rare !  
Love, how it sells poor bliss  
For proud despair !  
But we, though soon they fall,  
Survive their joy and all  
Which ours we call.

Whilst skies are blue and bright,  
Whilst flowers are gay,  
Whilst eyes that change ere night  
Make glad the day ;  
Whilst yet the calm hours creep,  
Dream thou, — and from thy sleep  
Then wake to weep.

SHELLY.

**Mother, Home, and Heaven.**

THE sounds that fall on mortal ear  
As dew-drops pure at even,  
That soothe the breast, or start the tear,  
Are Mother, Home, and Heaven.

A Mother — sweetest name on earth !  
We lisp it on the knee,  
And idolize its sacred worth  
In manhood's infancy.

A Home, — that paradise below,  
Of sunshine and of flowers,  
Where hallowed joys perennial flow,  
By calm, sequestered bowers  
And Heaven, — the port of endless peace,  
The haven of the soul,  
When life's corroding cares shall cease  
Like sweeping waves to roll.

O ! weep not, then, though cruel time  
The chain of love has riven ;  
To every link, in yonder clime,  
Re-union shall be given.

O ! fall they not on mortal ear,  
As dew-drops pure at even,  
To soothe the breast, or start the tear, —  
A Mother, Home, and Heaven !

ANONYMOUS.

### The Departed.

THE departed ! the departed !

They visit us in dreams,

And they glide above our memories

Like shadows over streams ;

But where the cheerful lights of home

In constant lustre burn,

The departed, — the departed

Can never more return !

The good, the brave, the beautiful !

How dreamless is their sleep,

Where rolls the dirge-like music

Of the ever-tossing deep, —

Or where the hurrying night-winds,

Pale winter's robes have spread

Above the narrow palaces,

In the cities of the dead !

I look around, and feel the awe

Of one who walks alone, —

Among the wrecks of former days,

In mournful ruin strown.

I start to hear the stirring sounds

Among the cypress trees ;

For the voice of the departed

Is borne upon the breeze.

That solemn voice ! it mingles with  
Each free and careless strain ;  
I scarce can think earth's minstrelsy  
Will cheer my heart again.  
The melody of summer waves,  
The thrilling notes of birds,  
Can never be so dear to me,  
As their remembered words.

I sometimes dream their pleasant smiles  
Still on me sweetly fall !  
Their tones of love I faintly hear  
My name in sadness call.  
I know that they are happy,  
With their angel plumage on ;  
But my heart is very desolate  
To think that they are gone.

The departed ! the departed !  
They visit us in dreams,  
And they glide above our memories,  
Like shadows over streams ;  
But where the cheerful lights of home  
In constant lustre burn,  
The departed, — the departed  
Can never more return !

PARK BENJAMIN.

### The Motherless.

I NEVER knew what 't was to have  
A mother kind and good,  
To cheer me when I would be grave,  
And chide me when I 'm rude ;  
I never felt upon my cheek  
Her soft and gentle kiss,  
And never, never heard her speak  
In tones of tenderness.

She never comes at morning light,  
To hear my waking sound,  
Nor, when I lay me down at night,  
To close the curtains round.  
She is not near me when I play  
Amid the open air,  
Nor when I kneel me down to pray  
Beside my little chair.

I 'm sure that I would like to sit  
All day beside her seat,  
And watch her fingers, as they knit  
A stocking for my feet.  
And then, perhaps, she 'd read to me  
From out some pretty book, —  
I 'm sure I should be full of glee  
To see her pleasant look.

I see the other girls around  
A mother's fondness prove,  
But I have never heard the sound  
Of a fond mother's love.  
I cannot think what I have done, —  
I've always spoken true, —  
Why can't I with the others run  
And kiss a mother too ?

In yonder quiet burial-ground, —  
Just by that willow-tree, —  
There riseth up as green a mound  
As you could wish to see.  
A tall white stone is at its head,  
A small one at the foot,  
And violets, and roses red,  
And pinks, have there been put.

One day I wandered there alone,  
I know not how or why,  
And leaned against that tallest stone,  
'T was twice as tall as I.  
Some letters were upon its face ;  
I saw them as I stood,  
And thought it would be nice to trace  
Their meaning, if I could.

A little silver pen I had, —  
My teacher's premium, —  
She gave it me when I was sad  
And crying o'er a sum.  
Then spelled I with my silver pen  
The words "In Memory ;"  
Then came a little "of" and then  
My own name, "Mary Lee !"

I put my hand upon my head  
To think what it could mean, —  
I knew I never had been dead  
And come to life again.  
'T was long before I understood  
The words which I had read,  
And then an overwhelming flood  
Of burning tears I shed.

Now daily when the sun hath gone,  
And from my task I 'm free,  
I wander there and sit alone  
Beneath the willow tree.  
With many tears amid my prayer,  
That tall white stone I lave,  
For I suppose it rises there  
To mark my mother's grave.

J. L. CHESTER.

### The Harmony of Nature.

There is a soothing harmony  
Among the whispering trees,  
There is a joyous melody,  
Which floats upon the breeze.

It comes to us from every spray,  
Where the jocund songsters sing ;  
We feel it where the insects play,  
And midst the flowers of spring.

The gentle cooing of the dove  
Has power to lull to rest,  
The yearnings after human love,  
Which fill the human breast.

The soaring lark's triumphant song  
Raises our hearts on high ;  
And while we gaze on him, we long  
For heavenly melody.

Can we behold earth's mantle green,  
And the blue sky above,  
And not confess, midst every scene,  
The Lord our God is love !

ANON.

## The Heart's Guests.

When age has cast its shadows  
O'er life's declining way,  
When evening twilight gathers  
Round our retiring day, —  
Then shall we sit and ponder  
On the dim and shadowy past,  
In the heart's silent chamber,  
The guests will gather fast.

Guests that in youth we cherished,  
Shall come to us once more,  
And we shall hold communion  
As in the days before.  
They may be dark and sombre,  
They may be bright and fair,  
But the heart will have its chamber,  
The guests will gather there.

How shall it be, my sisters?  
Who shall be our hearts' guests?  
How shall it be, my brothers,  
When life's shadow on us rests?  
Shall we not 'mid the silence  
Hear voices sweet and low,  
Speak the old familiar language,  
The words of long ago?

Shall we not see dear faces  
Sweet smiling as of old,  
Till the mists of that lone chamber  
Are sunset clouds of gold,  
When age has cast its shadows  
O'er life's declining way,  
And evening twilight gathers  
Round our retiring day?

MRS. ORNE.

### On a Tear.

O! that the chemist's magic art  
Could crystallize this sacred treasure!  
Long should it glitter near my heart,  
A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell,  
Its lustre caught from Chloe's eye;  
Then, trembling, left its coral cell, —  
The spring of Sensibility!

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light!  
In thee the rays of virtue shine, —  
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,  
Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul !

Who ever fliest to bring relief,  
When first we feel the rude control  
Of love or pity, joy or grief.

The sage's and the poet's theme,  
In every clime, — in every age ;  
Thou charm'st in fancy's idle dream  
In reason's philosophic page.

That very law which moulds a tear,  
And bids it trickle from its source,  
That law preserves the earth a sphere,  
And guides the planets in their course.

ROGERS.



### The Moon.

The moon is sailing o'er the sky,  
But lonely all, as if she pined  
For somewhat of companionship,  
And felt it were in vain she shined.

Earth is her mirror, and the stars  
Are as the court around her throne ;  
She is a beauty and a queen, —  
But what is this ? she is alone !

Is there not one, — not one, — to share  
Thy glorious royalty on high ?  
I cannot choose but pity thee,  
Thou lonely orphan of the sky.

I 'd rather be the meanest flower  
That grows, my mother earth, on thee,  
So there were others of my kin,  
To blossom, bloom, droop, die with me.

Earth, thou hast sorrow, grief, and death ;  
But with these better could I bear,  
Than reach and rule yon radiant sphere,  
And be a solitary there.

LONDON.

## Unseen Spirits.

The shadows lay along Broadway,  
    'T was near the twilight tide, —  
And slowly there a lady fair  
    Was walking in her pride.  
Alone walked she ; but viewlessly,  
    Walked spirits at her side.

Peace charmed the street beneath her feet,  
    And Honor charm'd the air ;  
And all astir look'd kind on her,  
    And call'd her good as fair, —  
For all God ever gave to her  
    She kept with chary care.

She kept with care her beauties rare  
    From lovers warm and true, —  
For her heart was cold to all but gold,  
    And the rich came not to woo, —  
But honor'd well are charms to sell,  
    If priests the selling do.

Now walking there was one more fair, —  
    A slight girl, lily pale ;  
And she had unseen company  
    To make the spirit quail, —

'Twixt Want and Scorn she walk'd forlorn,  
And nothing could avail.

No mercy now can clear her brow  
For this world's peace to pray ;  
For, as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,  
Her woman's heart gave way !  
But the sin forgiven by Christ in heaven,  
By man is cursed alway.

N. P. WILLIS.



### The Pilgrim Fathers.

The Pilgrim Fathers, — where are they ?

The waves that brought them o'er,  
Still roll in the bay and throw their spray,  
As they break along the shore ;  
Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day,  
When the May-Flower \* moored below,  
When the sea around was black with storms,  
And white the waves with snow.

The mists that wrapt the pilgrim's sleep,  
Still brood upon the tide ;  
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,  
To stay its waves of pride.  
But the snow-white sail that he gave to the gale,  
When the heavens looked dark, is gone,  
As an angel's wing through an opening cloud  
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The pilgrim exile, — sainted name !  
The hill whose icy brow  
Rejoiced when he came in the morning's flame,  
In the morning's flame burns now ;

\* The May-Flower was the name of the ship in which the pilgrims came over.

And the moon's cold bright as it lay that night,  
On the hill side and the sea,  
Still lies where he laid his houseless head  
But the pilgrim, — where is he?

The pilgrim fathers are at rest :  
When summer 's throned on high,  
And the world's warm breast is in verdure dressed,  
Go stand on the hill where they lie, —  
The earliest ray of the golden day  
On that hallowed spot is cast ;  
And the evening sun as he leaves the world,  
Looks kindly on that spot last.

The pilgrim spirit has not yet fled,  
It walks in noon's broad light,  
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead  
With the holy stars by night ;  
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,  
And shall guard this ice-bound shore,  
Till the waves of the bay where the May-Flower  
lay  
Shall foam and freeze no more.

PIERPONT.

## A Poet's Epitaph.

Stop, mortal ! here thy brother lies,  
The Poet of the poor,  
His books were rivers, woods, and skies,  
The meadow and the moor ;  
His teachers were the torn heart's wail,  
The tyrant and the slave,  
The street, the factory, the jail,  
The palace and the grave !

Sin met thy brother every where !  
And is thy brother blamed ?  
From passion, danger, doubt and care,  
He no exemption claim'd.  
The meanest thing, earth's feeblest worm,  
He fear'd to scorn or hate ;  
But, honoring in a peasant's form  
The equal of the great.

He blessed the steward whose wealth makes  
The poor man's little more ;  
Yet loath'd the haughty wretch that takes  
From plunder'd labor's store.  
A hand to do, a head to plan,  
A heart to feel and dare, —  
Tell man's worst foes, here lies the man  
Who drew them as they are.

ELLIOTT.

### The Costliest Gift.

The everlasting hills  
Rear their cold crested summits to the sky,  
While in their hidden chambers treasures lie,  
Brighter than e'er shall dazzle mortal eye,  
Pour from their golden rills.

No! — from our best beloved  
Put far the gross, the treacherous, sensual thing;  
Dimmed by the moth from off his wing, —  
Slack'ning the soul-harp's most melodious string,  
False hath the glitterer proved.

The diamond-lighted grot  
Of deep Golconda hath a blazing store;  
And ocean cells with glorious gems run o'er,  
Till coral coffers can contain no more,  
Bid them pour largely out.

No! no! — affection's debt  
Can ne'er be cancelled by a boon like this.  
Pride, in its strong tumultuous excess,  
Or passion's favor may in such find bliss:  
Love must search deeper yet!

Bring then the holy flowers, —  
The subtlest spell Omnipotence hath wrought, —  
The truest autographs of worldless thought, —  
Ever with blessing and wild worship sought :  
Yes, — bring the sacred flowers.

No ! — they are pure and fair,  
And meet on friendship's altar stone to lay :  
But oh ! their glory hath a swift decay  
Before the storm-breath, or the sun's fierce ray  
Hurled through the fragrant air.

Search not the generous earth :  
Rob not her bosom of its cherished things, —  
Nor take the morning's blue and golden wings  
To drain full goblets from ethereal springs ;  
These have but dying worth.

Hath love no more to give ?  
No greener garland for its idol's fane ?  
Are there no lodgings crushed to earth again ?  
No great aspirings, clogged by care and pain,  
Whose chains its hand may cleave ?

Give, then, to overbear  
Folly, temptation, weakness, fear and sin,  
Give from a nectary that lies deep within,  
What life and medicine to thy soul hath been ;  
Give " helping tears " and prayer.

Unfold the glorious way  
Which spirits of an immortal name have trod, —  
Who scorned to grovel for a worthless clod,  
But claimed their lineal parentage in God, —  
Linked lovingly to clay.

*Light* to regain the track,  
(Lost for a while 'mid those that downward tend,)  
*Strength* to press onward, bravely onward, lend  
Till Hope and Faith triumphantly shall blend,  
Ne'er to turn faltering back!

Oh! 't is a nobler thing,  
One earth-wrought bond from off a soul to break,  
One godlike longing in its depths to wake,  
One darkening cloud from off its glance to take,  
Than wealth of worlds to bring!

S. H. BROWNE.



### The Broken Heart.

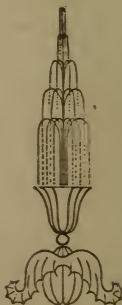
Now lock my chamber-door, father,  
And say you left me sleeping ;  
But never tell my step-mother,  
Of all this bitter weeping.  
No earthly sleep can ease my heart,  
Or even awhile reprieve it ;  
For there 's a pang at my young heart  
That never more can leave it !

Oh ! let me lie and weep my fill  
O'er wounds that heal can never ;  
And O, kind Heaven ! were it thy will,  
To close these eyes for ever ;  
For how can maid's affections dear  
Recall her love forsaken ?  
Or how can heart of maiden bear  
To know that heart forsaken ?

Oh ! why should vows so fondly made,  
Be broken ere the morrow, —  
To one who loved as never maid  
Loved in this world of sorrow !  
The look of scorn I cannot brave,  
Nor pity's eye more dreary ;  
A quiet sleep within the grave  
Is all for which I weary !

Farewell, dear Yorrow's mountains green,  
And banks of broom so yellow !  
Too happy has this bosom been  
Within your arbors mellow.  
That happiness is fled for aye,  
And all is dark desponding, —  
Save in the opening gates of day,  
And the dear home beyond them !

Hogg.



## Farewell !

Farewell ! if ever fondest prayer  
For others' weal avail'd on high,  
Mine will not all be lost in air, —  
But waft thy name beyond the sky.  
'T were vain to speak, to weep, to sigh :  
Oh ! more than tears of blood can tell,  
When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,  
Are in that word, — Farewell ! Farewell !

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry ;  
But in my breast, and in my brain,  
Awake the pangs that pass not by,  
The thought that ne'er shall sleep again.  
My soul nor deigns, nor dares complain,  
Though grief and passion there rebel ;  
I only know we loved in vain, —  
I only feel, — Farewell ! Farewell !

BYRON.



## Life.

A boat lay on the summer sea,  
The light waves round it leaping ;  
While laughing sunbeams, bright and free,  
Played o'er an infant sleeping ;  
And far away, that bark in glee  
Was o'er the bright deep straying ;  
While all around the dimpling sea  
With zephyrs soft was playing.

Oh ! it was sweet around that child  
To see the ripples dancing,  
And o'er its brow so soft and mild  
The sunbeams brightly glancing ;  
And then I prayed that naught might break  
The angel spell that bound it,  
Or from its dreams the spirit wake  
That played so soft around it.

But when far off upon the sky  
I saw the tempest lower,  
A mournful tear bedimmed mine eye  
For that unconscious flower ;  
For still that bark rocked gay and light,  
The rosy hours beguiling,  
And still within, as fair and bright,  
That infant form lay smiling.

---

I turned away ; for who could see  
That child awake to sorrow ?  
The brightest smile so swiftly flee  
That Earth from Heaven may borrow ?  
For well I knew the angry wave  
Would soon in wrath surround it,  
And make its wild and lonely grave  
Mid ocean-weeds that bound it.

Ah ! thus, methought, on life's bright tide  
We make our youthful pillow,  
And gaily o'er its waters glide,  
From billow on to billow ;  
But oh ! too soon the angry storm  
Blots out each vision brightest ;  
And oft, alas ! it wraps the form  
In which the heart beats lightest.

J. T. HEADLEY.



### The Floweret.

I marked, when the morning sun shone bright,  
Where a floweret in beauty grew ;  
Its petals oped to the rosy light,  
As it laughed in the sparkling dew !

And a grateful fragrance the blossom flung  
To the sportive winds that play ;  
While o'er it a raptured wild bird hung,  
And carolled his love-taught lay.

I came again, when an hour had flown,  
And sought for my floweret fair ;  
All vain, alas, for the blossom was gone,  
And sad was the silent air !

I mourned when I thought on its radiant hue,  
And remembered its look of pride ;  
I bowed me in grief where its beauty grew,  
And wept where my floweret died.

Then I turned my gaze to the azure sky,  
And thought on the God above,  
Who heareth the hungry raven's cry,  
And whose holiest name is Love.

And I dried my tears, as my fancy roved  
To the realm by angels trod ;  
For I knew that the blossom from earth removed,  
Bloomed bright in the gardens of God !

Oh ! ye, who have watched o'er its fragrant birth  
As it oped to the balmy day,  
Weep not that no longer it smileth on earth,  
To gladden your weary way.

No more shall ye fear for the morning's blight,  
Nor dread the cold chills of even ;  
For afar, in a realm of celestial light,  
Your floweret is blooming in heaven.

C. W. EVEREST



## Is it not Sweet.

Is it not sweet to think, hereafter,  
When the spirit leaves this sphere,  
Love, with deathless wings, shall waft her  
To those she long hath mourn'd for here?  
Hearts, from which 't was death to sever,  
Eyes, this world can ne'er restore,  
There, as warm, as bright as ever,  
Shall meet us and be lost no more.

When wearily we wander, asking  
Of earth and heaven, where are they,  
Beneath whose smile we once lay basking, —  
Blest and thinking bliss would stay!  
Hope still lifts her radiant finger,  
Pointing to the eternal home,  
Upon whose portal yet they linger,  
Looking back for us to come.

Alas! alas! doth Hope deceive us?  
Shall friendship,— love, — shall all those ties  
That bind a moment, and then leave us,  
Be found again where nothing dies?  
Oh! if no other boon were given,  
To keep our hearts from wrong and stain,  
Who would not try to win a heaven  
Where all we love shall live again?

T. MOORE.

## Wishes.

Oh ! give me back the sunny smile  
Of childhood's happy days,  
Ere my unwearied feet had learned,  
To tread life's wildering maze.  
Yes, give me back that smile of joy,  
That sinless smile without alloy.

And once again, oh ! give me back  
My happy, careless heart, —  
A heart which never had been pierced,  
By sin's envenomed dart ;  
A heart untainted, free from sin,  
And sweet untroubled peace within.

'T is vain ! such wishes all are vain !  
Those days can come no more !  
They 've passed adown time's rolling wave,  
To dark oblivion's shore.  
Though past, in memory still they dwell,  
And cheer me with their magic spell.

Those smiles so sweet, can ne'er again  
Illumine with radiance bright,  
The heart which once no sorrow knew,  
Can never more be light.  
No ! life's bright morning sun has passed,  
And o'er my brow a shade has cast.

*Olive Branch.*

### He is thy brother yet.

What though his erring feet  
Have stumbled in the way,  
And in a thoughtless hour  
He has been led astray ;  
The great Creator's seal  
Upon his brow is set,  
And fallen though he be,  
He is thy brother yet.

Look with a tender eye  
Upon that clouded brow,  
And win him if you can  
To paths of virtue now ;  
But oh ! forbear to bend  
Thy cold and distant gaze  
Upon thy early friend,  
The loved of other days.

Will not the happy hours  
That blessed your younger years,  
When he was by thy side  
In mirthfulness and tears, —  
Will not the thought of these  
Within thy heart beget  
A sad, yet sweet response,  
He is my brother yet ?

And when in later life,  
Where science holds her sway,  
You travel'd hand in hand  
The devious, winding way,  
Until hidden mines  
Of rich mysterious lore  
Had paid you for the ease  
You bartered, to explore.

Behold the path of fame  
That opens to your view,  
And tremble when you tread  
Its giddy mazes too ;  
And if you do not ask,  
Some higher power to guide  
Your ever varying bark,  
As on the storm you ride, —

That proud majestic step,  
And lofty soul of thine,  
May all be made to bow,  
To dark misfortune's shrine ;  
And then, when trials come,  
You never will regret  
You owned the wayward one  
To be thy brother yet.

J. L. BUFFORD.

## Whene'er I see.

Whene'er I see those smiling eyes,  
All filled with hope, and joy, and light,  
As if no cloud could ever rise,  
To dim a heaven so purely bright, —  
I sigh to think how soon that brow  
In grief may lose its every ray,  
And that light heart, so joyous now,  
Almost forget it once was gay.

For time will come with all his blights,  
The ruin'd hope, — the friend unkind, —  
The love that leaves, where'er it lights,  
A chill or burning heart behind !  
While youth, that now like snow appears,  
Ere sullied by the darkening rain,  
When once 't is touch'd by sorrow's tears,  
Will never shine so bright again.

T. MOORE.



## Rely on Right.

If sorrow come, resist it not,  
Nor yet bow weakly to it ;  
Look up to meet the heaven-sent storm,  
But see the rainbow through it.

And seek not bliss on airy heights,  
Whose dizzy power doth rally ;  
The fragrant little hearts-ease lights  
The lowliest, humblest valley.

The gem that clasps a royal robe,  
The worldling's eye may dazzle,  
But love will light his glow-worm lamp  
In cot as well as castle.

If comes a blow from friend or foe,  
With earnest good avenge it ;  
" The sandal-tree, with fragrant sigh,  
Perfumes the axe that rends it."

Be like the sun, whose eye of joy  
Ne'er on a shadow lay, love ;  
Be like a rill that singeth still,  
Whate'er be in its way, love.

If once a purpose pure and high  
You form, for naught forego it ;  
" The mulberry leaf to silk is changed,  
By patience," says the poet.

MRS. OSGOOD.

## Go Forward.

Go forward, — press onward, —  
'T is wiser by far,  
Than moping and sighing  
In fear where you are ;  
Whatever your calling,  
Your aim or pursuit,  
In hand with true Wisdom,  
You 'll bear precious fruit.

A Putnam and Warren,  
What made them to be  
Remembered forever  
By the good and the free ?  
'T was active exertion, —  
Indomitable zeal, —  
And minds that were tempered  
With wisdom and steel.

A Franklin and Davy,  
A Fulton and Watt,  
Like thousands that perished  
Would now be forgot ;  
By active exertion,  
And a diligent mind,  
They left, ne'er to perish,  
A glory behind.

Go forward, — press onward, —  
Oh, live not in vain, —  
There 's wisdom and honor,  
And glory to gain ;  
The path is before you,  
You 've only to choose ;  
You win, if you 're active, —  
If slothful, you lose.

Go forward, — press onward, —  
A moment's delay  
May thicken the shadows  
That rise o'er your way ;  
This waiting and wasting  
The summers that fly,  
Will leave you a sluggard,  
To linger and die.

D. C. COLESWORTHY.



## Lines on the death of Charles J. Fox, Esq.,

OF NASHVILLE, N. H.

The scholar's brilliant light is dim,  
And on his brow Death's signet set ;  
Oh ! many an eye that welcomed him,  
With sorrow's burning tear is wet ;  
His was a noble heart and true, —  
His was the strong and gifted mind ;  
And Fame and Love around him threw  
Their wreaths, with choicest flowers entwined.

His mind lay like a gem within  
A fretted and a slender frame,  
Which oft it buoyed to health again,  
Unknowing whence the healing came.  
The jewel through the casket frail,  
Shone with a clear and perfect ray,  
As if its light would never pale  
Before e'en Death's triumphant sway.

He wore away, — no lovelier clime  
With fairy scenes and gentle breeze, —  
The grandeur of the ocean chime,  
Italia's skies nor India's seas, —  
Not these could brace his wasting frame, —  
Nor home with all its memories dear, —  
But calmly, when the summons came,  
His soul soared to a brighter sphere.

His was the scholar's gentleness, —  
    "The faculty and power divine," —  
Which leave on all their strong impress,  
    And glow in every thought and line.  
Truth found in him a champion,  
    Clad in her armor burnished bright, —  
And error's clouds sank one by one,  
    Before his clear, serener light.

His was the Christian's holiness, —  
    Whose beautiful and placid ray  
Beam'd on his soul, its flight to bless  
    Along its bright, celestial way, —  
Undimmed in life's long last eclipse,  
    When Love its midnight vigils kept, —  
When press'd to his HER pale, pale lips,  
    And gentle eyes above him wept.

Tread lightly where the scholar sleeps,  
    Within his cold and narrow bed,  
For one her bridal vigils keeps,  
    Above the wept and sainted dead.  
Tread lightly by his rural tomb, —  
    And o'er it plant the gentle flowers,  
Sweet symbols of his spirit's bloom  
    In a far brighter land than ours.

J. H. WARLAND.

### The Life Clock.

There is a little mystic clock  
No human eye hath seen,  
That beateth on and beateth on  
From morning until e'en.

And when the soul is wrapped in sleep.  
And heareth not a sound,  
It ticks and ticks the livelong night,  
And never runneth down.

Oh! wondrous is that work of art  
Which knells the passing hour;  
But art ne'er formed or mind conceived  
This life clock's magic power.

Nor set in gold, nor decked with gems,  
By wealth and pride possessed,  
But rich or poor, or high or low,  
Each bears it in his breast.

When life's deep stream mid beds of flowers  
All still and softly glides;  
Like the wavelet's step, with a gentle beat,  
It warns of passing tides.

When threat'ning darkness gathers o'er,  
And hope's bright visions flee,  
Like the sullen stroke of the muffled oar,  
It beateth heavily.

When passion nerves the warrior's arm  
For deeds of hate and wrong,  
Though heeded not the fearful sound,  
Its knell is deep and strong.

When eyes to eyes are gazing soft,  
And tender words are spoken,  
Then fast and wild it rattles on,  
As if with love 't were broken.

Such is the clock that measures life,  
Of flesh and spirit blended,  
And thus 't will run within the heart  
Till that strange tie is ended.

AXON.



It is not always May.

The sun is bright, the air is clear,  
The darting swallows soar and sing,  
And from the stately elms I hear  
The bluebird prophesying spring.

So blue yon winding river flows,  
It seems an outlet from the sky,  
Where waiting till the west wind blows,  
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

All things are new, — the buds, the leaves  
That gild the elm tree's nodding crest,  
And even the nest beneath the eaves ;  
There are no birds in last year's nest.

All things rejoice in youth and love,  
The fullness of their first delight ;  
And learn from the soft heavens above,  
The melting tenderness of night.

Maiden ! that read'st this simple rhyme,  
Enjoy thy youth, — it will not stay ;  
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,  
For oh ! it is not always May !

Enjoy the spring of love and youth,  
To some good angel leave the rest ;  
For time will teach thee soon the truth, —  
There are no birds in last year's nest.

LONGFELLOW.

### The Nettle.

'Neath the willow's golden plumes,  
On a little mossy seat,  
Where the snow-white violet blooms,  
Where the air is cool and sweet, —

Here, reposing, full of dreams,  
I the vernal noontide spent,  
Watching how, in fitful gleams,  
Sunbeams came, and shadows went.

Broken were my dreams, ere long,  
By a low and mournful sound ;  
'T was the Nettle's plaintive song,  
Uttered to the flowers around.

“ Sorrows are the common lot ;  
Where, on all this fair green earth,  
Lives the soul that bears them not, —  
Has not borne them from its birth ?

" But of all that live in woe,  
None so wretched, half, as I ;  
Wherefore has God made me so,  
Save to curse his name, and die ?

" Not a child with sweet caress  
E'er salutes me in its play,  
But with terror and distress  
I the gentle deed repay.

" Not a maiden near me springs,  
In her wild and careless sport,  
But with subtle poisonous stings,  
I the playful touch retort.

" So, repulsing all I love,  
Giving pain where I would bless,  
Who can blame me, if I prove  
Impious in my wretchedness ? "

" Nay," I whispered in reply,  
" Question not the love of Heaven ;  
But, with courage firm and high,  
Bear whate'er of ill is given.

" Human spirits, cursed like thee,  
Have a more unpitied lot ;  
*Thy* repulse can freely be,  
And it always is, forgot.

“But the wretched soul, that darts  
Passion-fire at every touch,  
Wounding loved and loving hearts,  
Suffers wrongfully and much.

“None his hasty speech forgives,  
None suspects his mental strife ;  
Thanks to Heaven, one Being lives  
Who can judge the inward life.”

S. C. EDGARTON.



“Weep for yourselves, and for your  
Children.”

We mourn for those who TOIL,  
The slave who ploughs the main,  
Or him who helpless tills the soil  
Beneath the stripe and chain ;  
For those who in the world's hard race  
O'erwearied and unblest,  
A host of restless phantoms chase, —  
Why mourn for those who REST ?

We mourn for those who SIN,  
Bound in the tempter's snare,  
Whom syren pleasure beckons in  
To prisons of despair,  
Whose hearts, by whirlwind passions torn,  
Are wrecked on folly's shore, —  
But why in sorrow should we mourn  
For those who *sin no more* ?

We mourn for those who weep,  
Whom stern afflictions bend  
With anguish o'er the lowly sleep  
Of lover or of friend ; —  
But they to whom the sway  
Of pain and grief is o'er,  
Whose tears our God hath wiped away,  
Oh ! mourn for them no more !

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

## Sonnet.

As on a hill-top rude, when closing day  
Imbrowns the scene, some past'ral maiden fair  
Waters a lovely foreign plant with care,  
Borne from its native genial airs away,  
That scarcely can a tender bud display ;  
So, on my tongue these accents, new and rare,  
Are flowers exotic, which Love waters there.  
While thus, Oh, sweetly scornful ! I essay  
Thy praise in verse to British ears unknown, —  
And Thames exchange for Arno's fair domain ;  
So Love has will'd, and oft-times Love has shown,  
That what he wills, he never wills in vain.  
Oh ! that this hard and sterile breast might be  
To him, who plants from heaven, a soil as free.

COWPER.



## May.

Though many suns have risen and set  
Since thou, blithe May, wert born,  
And bards, who hailed thee, may forget  
Thy gifts, thy beauty scorn ;  
There are who to a birth-day strain  
Confine not heart and voice,  
But evermore throughout thy reign  
Are grateful and rejoice !

Delicious odors ! music sweet,  
Too sweet to pass away !  
Oh ! for a deathless song to meet  
The soul's desire, — a lay  
That, when a thousand years are told,  
Should praise thee, genial Power !  
Through summer heat, autumnal cold,  
And winter's dreary hour.

Earth, sea, thy presence feel, — nor less,  
If yon ethereal blue  
With its soft smile the truth express,  
The heavens have felt it too.  
The inmost heart of man, if glad,  
Partakes a livelier cheer ;  
And eyes that cannot but be sad,  
Let fall a brightened tear.

Since thy return, through days and weeks  
Of hope that grew by stealth,  
How many wan and faded cheeks  
Have kindled into health !  
The old, by thee revived, have said,  
“ Another year is ours ; ”  
And wayworn wanderers, poorly fed,  
Have smiled upon their flowers.

Who tripping lips a merry song  
Amid his playful peers ?  
The tender infant who was long  
A prisoner of fond fears ;  
But now, when every sharp-edged blast  
Is quiet in its sheath,  
His mother leaves him free to taste  
Earth's sweetness in thy breath.

Thy help is with the weed that creeps  
Along the humblest ground ;  
No cliff so bare but on its steeps  
Thy favors may be found ;  
But most on some peculiar nook  
That our own hands have dressed,  
Thou, and thy train are proud to look,  
And seem to love it best.

And yet how pleased we wander forth  
When May is whispering, "Come,  
Choose from the bowers of virgin Earth  
The happiest for your home ;  
Heaven's bounteous love through me is spread  
From sunshine, clouds, winds, waves ;  
Drops on the mouldering turret's head,  
And on your turf-clad graves ! "

WORDSWORTH.

Lines written in an Album.

Passing through life's field of action,  
Lest we part before its end,  
Take within your modest volume,  
This memento from a friend.

Passing through it, may we ever  
Friends continue as begun ;  
And till death shall part us, never  
May our friendship cease to burn.

J. M. F.

## Peace and Glory.

WRITTEN AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF WAR.

Where now is the smile that lighten'd  
Every hero's couch of rest?  
Where is now the hope that brightened  
Honor's eye, and pity's breast?  
Have we lost the wreath we braided,  
For our weary warrior men?  
Is the faithless olive faded,  
Must the bay be pluck'd again?

Passing hour of sunny weather,  
Lovely in your light awhile,  
Peace and glory wed together,  
Wander'd through the blessed isle;  
And the eyes of Peace would glisten,  
Dewy as a morning sun,  
When the timid maid would listen  
To the deeds her chief had done.

Is the hour of dalliance over?  
Must the maiden's trembling feet  
Waft her from her warlike lover  
To the desert's still retreat?  
Fare you well! with sighs we banish  
Nymph so fair and guest so bright;  
Yet the smile, with which you vanish,  
Leaves behind a soothing light.

Soothing light ! that long shall sparkle  
O'er your warrior's sanguine way,  
Through the field where horrors darkle,  
Shedding Hope's consoling ray !  
Long the smile his heart will cherish,  
To its absent idol true,  
While around him myriads perish,  
Glory still will sigh for you !

T. MOORE.



## Wee Willie.

Fare thee well, our last and fairest !

Dear wee Willie, fare thee well ;  
He who lent thee, hast recalled thee  
Back with Him and His to dwell.  
Fifteen moons their silver lustre  
Only o'er thy brow hath shed,  
When thy spirit joined the seraphs,  
And thy dust the dead.

Like a sunbeam through our dwelling  
Shone thy presence bright and calm ;  
Thou didst add a zest to pleasure, —  
To our sorrows thou wert balm ;  
Brighter beamed thine eyes than summer ;  
And thy first attempt at speech  
Thrill'd our heart-strings with a rapture  
Music ne'er could reach.

As we gazed upon thee sleeping,  
With thy fine fair locks out-spread,  
Thou didst seem a little angel,  
Who from heaven to earth had stray'd ;  
And, entranced we watch'd the vision,  
Half in hope and half affright,  
Lest what we deem'd ours, and earthly,  
Should dissolve in light.

Snows o'ermantled hill and valley ;  
Sullen clouds begrim'd the sky,  
When the first drear doubt oppress'd us,  
That our child was doom'd to die !  
Through each long night-watch, the taper  
Showed the hectic of thy cheek ;  
And each anxious dawn beheld thee  
More wore out and weak.

'T was even then Destruction's angel  
Shook his pinions o'er our path,  
Seized the rosiest of our household,  
And struck Charlie down in death !  
Fearful, — awful ! Desolation  
On our lintel set his sign ;  
And we turned from his sad death-bed,  
Willie, round to thine.

As the beams of spring's first morning  
Through the silent chamber play'd,  
Lifeless, in mine arms I raised thee,  
And in thy small coffin laid ;  
Ere the day-star with the darkness,  
Nine times had triumphant striven,  
In one grave had met your ashes,  
And your souls in heaven !

Five were ye, the beauteous blossoms  
Of our hopes, and hearts, and hearth ;  
Two asleep lie buried under, —  
Three for us yet gladden earth.  
Thee, our hyacinth gay Charlie, —  
Willie, thee our snow-drop pure,  
Back to us shall second spring time  
Never more allure !

Yet while thinking, — O ! our lost ones !  
Of how dear ye were to us,  
Why should dreams of doubt and darkness,  
Haunt our troubled spirits thus ?  
Why across the cold dim church-yard,  
Flit our visions of despair ?  
Seated on the tomb, Faith's angel  
Saith, — “ Ye are not there.”

Where then, are ye ? With the Saviour  
Blest, — forever blest are ye,  
'Mid the sinless little children,  
Who have heard his “ Come to me ! ”  
'Yond the shades of death's dark valley,  
Now ye lean upon his breast,  
Where the wicked dare not enter,  
And the weary rest.

We are wicked, — we are weary ;  
For us pray and for us plead ;  
God, who ever hears the sinless,  
May through you the sinful heed.  
Pray that through Christ's mediation,  
All our faults may be forgiven ;  
Plead that ye be sent to greet us  
At the gates of heaven !

ANON.

### Nature.

I have learned  
To look on Nature, not as in the hour  
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes  
The still sad music of humanity ;  
Not harsh nor grating, though of ample power  
To chasten and subdue.

WORDSWORTH.



## Nature's Beauties.

There 's beauty in her when she springs  
From slumbers of the darksome night,  
And bears upon her joyous wings  
The cheerful beams of morning light.  
The sunlight sporting on the hills  
Illumes the dewy drops of morn ;  
With iris hues the welkin fills,  
And gorgeous tints the east adorn.

When evening mantles earth and air,  
And silence reigns in bower and hall,  
And peaceful quiet, resteth where  
Were heard the merry laugh and call ;  
And up the sky its empress rides,  
Attended by her starry train ;  
And many a phantom round us glides,  
By woody marge, and dusky plain.

And, too, when Spring chill Winter's cloak  
Throws off, and comes forth gayly free ;  
And every icy fetter 's broke,  
And wintry blasts with swiftness flee ;—  
Then softly comes on every gale,  
A voice of joyousness and love ;  
And zephyrs wafted from the vale  
Seem spirits from the land above.

Imbedded in their pebbly track,  
The crystal riv'lets wind along ;  
A gentle echo throwing back  
Like distant tones of fairy song.  
Sweet perfumes come on breezes mild,  
The offering of the opening flowers,  
And warbling songsters in each wild,  
Invite us to her festooned bowers.

Autumn can beauties boast, though fast  
The wreaths of summer to decay  
Are falling, and the piercing blast,  
Flits sadly on its wintry way.  
Through leafless boughs and naked trees,  
The wind a mournful requiem sings  
For days departed, and the breeze  
A tale of sadness with it brings.

In all her aspects, sad or gay,  
Are seen the beautiful and grand ;  
And on the spirits ever play  
Her messengers, with thrilling hand.

W. A. SLEEPER.

### The Worship of Nature.

The ocean looketh up to heaven,  
As 't were a living thing ;  
The homage of its waves is given  
In ceaseless worshiping.

They kneel upon the sloping sand,  
As bends the human knee,  
A beautiful and tireless band,  
The priesthood of the sea !

They pour the glittering treasures out  
Which in the deep have birth,  
And chant their awful hymns about  
The watching hills of earth.

The green earth sends its incense up  
From every mountain shrine,  
From every flower and dewy cup  
That greeteth the sunshine.

The mists are lifted from the rills  
Like the white wing of prayer ;  
They lean above the ancient hills,  
As doing homage there.

The forest-tops are lowly cast  
O'er breezy hill and glen,  
As if a prayerful spirit pass'd  
On nature as on men.

The clouds weep o'er the fallen world,  
E'en as a repentant love ;  
Ere, to the blessed breeze unfurl'd,  
They fade in light above.

The sky is as a temple's arch,  
The blue and wavy air  
Is glorious with the spirit-march  
Of messengers at prayer.

The gentle moon, the kindling sun,  
The many stars, are given,  
As shrines to burn earth's incense on,  
The altar-fires of heaven !

J. G. WHITTIER.



## Youth.

How beautiful the scenes of youth  
Awaken to the mind !  
Scenes, like the summer ocean smooth,  
Serener, — fairer far, than truth  
On earth shall ever find !

Time is a tyrant, — months and years  
Pass onward like the sea, that leaves  
A solitary isle, which rears  
Its passive bosom, and appears  
Between the rolling waves.

In life there is no second spring, —  
The past is gone, — for ever gone !  
We cannot check a moment's wing ;  
Pierce through futurity ; or bring  
The heart its vanished tone !

Resplendent as a summer sky,  
When daylight lingers in the west  
To retrospection's loving eye,  
The blooming fields of childhood lie,  
By Fancy's finger drest.

A greener foliage decks the grove,  
A brighter tint pervades the flowers ;  
More azure seems the heaven above ;  
The earth a very bower of love,  
And man within that bower !

And even when the storms of Fate  
Come darkening o'er the star of life,  
We backward turn to renovate  
Our thoughts with freshness, and create  
An antidote to strife.

Thus dead and silent are the strings,  
As legends say, of Memnon's lyre ;  
Till, from the orient, Phoebus flings  
His smiles of golden light, and brings  
Life, harmony and fire !

*Blackwood's Magazine.*



## Is there a Heart.

Is there a heart that never loved,  
Or felt soft woman's sigh ?  
Is there a man can mark unmov'd  
Dear woman's tearful eye ?  
Oh ! bear him to some distant  
Or solitary cell,  
Where nought but savage monsters roar,  
Where love ne'er deign'd to dwell.

For there 's a charm in woman's eye,  
A language in her tear ;  
A spell in every sacred sigh,  
To man, to virtue dear ;  
And he who can resist her smiles,  
With brutes alone should live,  
Nor taste the joy which care beguiles,  
That joy her virtues give.

ANON.



## Love.

Mightier far  
Than strength of nerve or sinew, or the sway  
Of magic potent over sun and star,  
Is love, though oft to agony distrest,  
And though his favorite seat be feeble woman's  
breast.

WORDSWORTH.

## Pure Affection.

Oh, woman's love ! at times it may  
Seem cold or clouded, but it burns  
With true, undeviating ray,  
And never from its idol turns.  
Its sunshine is a smile, — a frown  
The heavy cloud that weighs it down ;  
A tear its weapon is, — beware  
Of woman's tears, — there 's danger there !  
Its sweetest place on which to rest,  
A constant and confiding breast ;  
Its life to meet, — its death to part, —  
Its sepulchre, a broken heart.

CBOLY.

## The Denouement.

They stood within a recess shady,

Apart from all, — and thus he said :

“ Dear cousin, wouldst thou know the lady,

Whom I do love, whom I would wed ? ”

A moment glowed her youthful cheek, —

A moment flashed her timid eyes,

In mute reply, — she dared not speak ;

Alas ! how soon her sweet hope dies !

“ I ’ll lead thee to her, — yonder, dearest ! ”

He took her hand, — ’t was deadly cold ;

They crossed the hall, — “ What is ’t thou fearest ?

Look up, Julie ! — my love behold ! ”

With sudden pride she dashed aside

The curls that hid her drooping brow,

“ I welcome her,” she proudly cried,

And raised her eyes, — what sees she now ?

No highborn dame to mock her shame,

No rival robed in rich array !

Back to her cheek the color came,

And warmer rose her pulse’s play.

Before her stood, in simple guise,

Reflected by a mirror bright,

Her own fair form ! — her own blue eyes

Returned her gaze of wild delight !

F. S. OSGOOD.

## Lines to ———.

They tell us oft of the beautiful  
That dwells in woman's face ;  
Of the soul-lit eye, and fairy form,  
The poetry of grace.

And gather from every language,  
The terms that best impress  
Upon the young and ardent fancy,  
Her gentle loveliness.

But vain, I fear, are love's fondest words,  
Sweet girl, to tell of thee ;  
As pure, as heavenly beautiful,  
As poet's dream could be.

The liquid eye, and the snowy brow,  
The smile, and dimple's play ;  
I know of nothing in earth or sky,  
As soft, as sweet as they.

And the crimson hue that oft is seen  
Upon that cheek to start,  
With a deeper eloquence than words,  
It speaks the woman's heart.

Yes ! beautiful is that youthful face,  
That form so light and free ;  
And sweet, oh ! sweet, that silvery smile,  
That fondly rests on me.

FRANK. MONTRAVILLE.

### The Southerner, to a Yankee.

What! write a burning billet-doux  
On common colored paper,  
And melt the wax to seal it, too,  
Within a tallow taper!

Not thus we woo our Georgian girls,  
They 'd scorn so poor a letter;  
They 'd twist with it their silken curls,  
And bid us write a better.

We seek a sweeter, purer leaf,  
To bear our passion to them;  
Our vows are beautiful as brief;  
I 'll tell you how we woo them.

Deep in our southern forest-glooms,  
Our tempests proudly braving,  
The pure magnolia richly blooms,  
Its peerless blossoms waving.

We pluck the leaf of perfumed snow,  
We trace love-verses on it,  
And as the quick thoughts breathe and glow,  
'The flower makes sweet the sonnet.

We tell the maid it mocks, in hue,  
Her fair and virgin forehead;  
We say her lips' delicious dew  
'The blossom's balm has borrowed.

Our sweet appeals in secret bower,  
We bid her con apart,  
And trace it on as fair a flower,  
Her own unsullied heart.

'T is writ with plumes from Cupid's wing, —  
With passion's kiss we seal it,  
Then free to zephyr's care we fling  
Our light and blooming billet !

Well guarded from blockade and breach,  
Must be that heart unsleeping,  
Such fragrant vows would fail to reach,  
Or fail, when reached, in keeping !

F. S. Osgood.

### Early Woo'd and Won.

Oh ! sigh not for the fair young bride,  
Gone to her opening bloom,  
Far from her kindred, loved and tried,  
To glad another home ;  
Already are the gay brief days  
Of girlish triumph done,  
And tranquil happiness repays  
The early woo'd and won.

Fear shall invade her peace no more,  
Nor sorrow wound the breast,  
Her passing rivalries are o'er,  
Her passing doubts at rest ;  
The glittering haunts of worldly state  
Love whispers her to shun,  
Since scenes of purer bliss await  
The early woo'd and won.

Here is a young and guileless heart,  
Confiding, fond, and warm,  
Unsullied by the world's vain mart,  
Unscathed by passion's storm ;  
In " hope deferred " she hath not pined,  
Till Hope's sweet course was run ;  
No chains of sad remembrance bind  
The early woo'd and won.

Her smiles and songs have ceased to grace  
The halls of festal mirth,  
But woman's safest dwelling-place  
Is by a true one's hearth ;  
Her hours of duty, joy, and love,  
In brightness have begun ;  
Peace be her portion from above,  
The early woo'd and won.

MRS. ABDY.

### Love Everywhere.

Love knoweth every form of air,  
And every shape of earth,  
And comes unbidden, everywhere,  
Like thought's mysterious birth.  
The moonlit sea and the sunset sky  
Are written with Love's words,  
And you hear his voice unceasingly,  
Like song in the time of birds.

He peeps into the warrior's heart  
From the tip of a stooping plume,  
And the serried spears and the many men  
May not deny him room.  
He 'll come to his tent in the weary night  
And be busy in his dream ;  
And he 'll float to his eye in morning light  
Like a fay on a silver beam.

He hears the sound of the hunter's gun,  
And rides on the echo back,  
And sighs in his ear, like a stirring leaf,  
And flits in his woodland track.  
The shade of the wood, and the sheen of the river,  
The cloud and the open sky, —  
He will haunt them all with his subtle quiver,  
Like the light of your very eye.

The fisher hangs over the leaning boat,  
And ponders the silver sea,  
For Love is under the surface hid,  
And a spell of thought has he.  
He heaves the wave like a bosom sweet,  
And speaks in the ripple low,  
Till the bait is gone from the crafty line,  
And the hook hangs bare below.

He blurs the print of the scholar's book,  
And intrudes in the maiden's prayer,  
And profanes the cell of the holy man,  
In the shape of a lady fair.  
In the darkest night, and the bright day-light,  
In earth, and sea, and sky,  
In every home of human thought,  
Will Love be lurking nigh.

N. P. WILLIS.



## Remembrance.

I shall look back, when on the main, —  
Back to my native isle,  
And almost think I hear again  
Thy voice, and view thy smile.

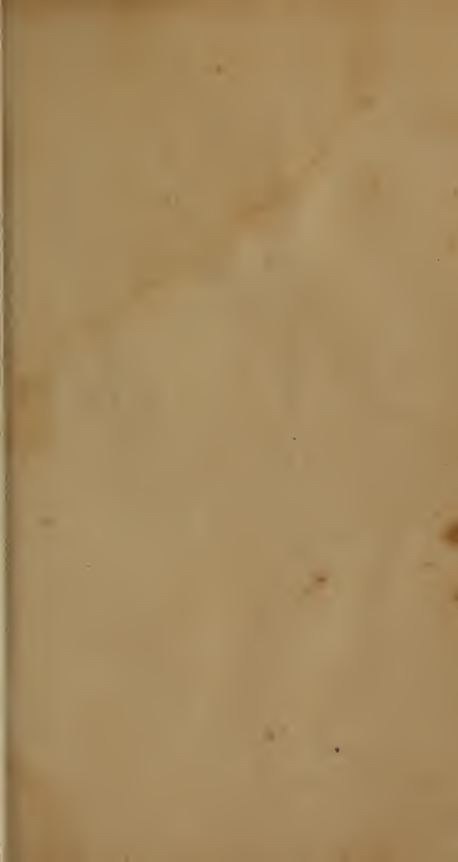
But many days may pass away,  
Ere I again shall see  
Amid the young, the fair, the gay, —  
One who resembles thee.

Yet when the pensive thought shall dwell  
On some ideal maid,  
Whom fancy's pencil pictured well,  
And touched with softest shade, —

The imaged form I shall survey,  
And, pausing at the view,  
Recall thy gentle smile, and say,  
“ Oh ! such a maid I knew ! ”

BOWLES.

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